

C: Here begynneth  
the lyfe of laynte. Margarete.





**H**ere begynneth of saynt Margarete  
The bleised lyfe that is so swete  
To Iesu Chresti ih is full dere  
If ye wyllytten ye shall here  
Herten nowe unto my spelle  
Of her lyfe I wyllyou tell  
Olde and yonge that here be  
Lysten a whyle unto me  
What I shall unto you saye.  
Howe it befell vpon a daye  
Of a virgen fayre and swete  
Whose name was Margarete  
Her fathur was a nobell clarkes  
And a man that coulde of moche werke  
also a man of hye degre  
There myght no where no better be.  
In Antioche he had a wyfe  
Bothe were hethen all theyz lyfe  
He was a man of greate power  
And of all the lande gouernet  
Fals he was of his lare  
Agaynst god bothe nyght and daye  
Theodosius was his name  
A noble man and of greate fame  
He had knowlege longe beforene  
That he sholde haue a doughter borne  
As the scripture had hym tolde  
And whan that she waxed olde  
That she shuld chastered be  
And beleue vpon the Trinitie

S. Margarete.

A. 11.

One onely god that vs were bought  
And all this worlde made of noughe  
Her fader commaunded longe beforene  
That anone as she was borne  
Unto the dethe she shulde be brought  
In what wyse he ne caught  
But her mother that her bare  
Hade for her full moche care  
And bethought her beforene  
That anone as she was borne  
Into Irary she shulde be sent  
The messenger with her fourthe went  
Unto a nouryce that was there  
For to put her for to lete  
And he toke with hym spendynge  
For to kepe that fayre thynge  
And she her kept there in dede  
And nourished her in her nede  
She waxed fayre and comly of chere  
And of coloure fayre and cleane  
All her loued in that countre  
Olde and yonge that myght her se  
And whan she waxed more in age  
Hauyng good wyt and knowlege  
She toke her unto christes lere  
And beleued on hym euermore  
The fader sone and holy goost:  
Lord and kyng of myghtes most  
That heuen and erthe and all wrought  
In hym she set all her thought

The nouȝte that her kept fro despayre  
Had seuen chyldren that were fayre  
And she kept her chyldren seuen  
The eyght was chyldes mayde of heuen  
Full good tales coulde she tell  
Both of heuen/and of hell  
And what they shulde haue to mede  
As they deserued here in dede  
And howe they suffred martredome euene  
Both saynt Laurence/and saynt Steuen  
And many other sayntes mo  
How they suffred payne and wo  
And martredome they gan take  
And all for Iesus christes sake  
Of many sayntes she tolde the lyfe  
Both to man chylde and wyf  
And whan she was fyftene yere olde  
She was a fayre mayde/and a bolde  
Her nouȝte set her to kepe  
In the felde all her shewe  
Her felowes gan her to beholde  
Whan she her prayers make wold  
 Howe she her prayres began to make  
And to Iesu christ her betake  
There was in that countre a kyng  
A noble man of greate connyng  
He was a prynce of nobell myght  
Dlibrius that kynges byght  
All asape as I you tell  
Was his owne to gyve and sell.

S. Margarete

A. iii.

And he serued bothe day and nyght  
His fals goddes I you behyght  
He serued euer the deuell of hell  
And christen men dyde he quell  
From Anteoche vnto Ily  
Ben myles mo than fyfty  
Euer to dystroye christen men  
He dyde euer his power then  
What with warre and what with stryfe  
He left but fewe people on lyfe  
Than it befell vpon a daye  
As he rode by the wye  
He sawe that louely mayden cleane  
Kepynge shepe vpon the grene  
Anone he commaunded a knyght  
For to ferche her to hym ryght  
The knyght went anone her to  
And sayd she must with hym go  
The mayde that was so mylde of chere  
Answered hym as ye shall here  
And sayd she had nothyng to do  
Out of that grounde with hym to go  
She prayed hym for his courtesye  
To passe his wye and let her be  
And shortly this tale to tell  
He went from that damsell  
And came to Dibius the kynge  
And tolde hym thatylke thynge  
That she wolde nat come hym to  
For nothyng that he myght do

But they shuld wyth her make styrfe  
And her chere upon her lyfe  
To Jesu Christ gan she call  
That suffred deth for vs all  
That he wolde her defende  
That no satasyn shulde her shende  
And besought hym of his grace  
Her to socour in every place  
And sayd for thy loue wyl I dye  
And leue all worldly company

Olibrius speketh

Than spake sy; Olibrius  
And to his men he sayd thus  
Of all the men that I haue here  
None of them can bryng her nere  
If I had her to me brought  
Full sone shulde I change her thought  
She shulde vpon my goddes beleue  
Or full soze I shulde her grieve  
They went agayne unto the mayd  
And to her thus they sayd.  
Thou must come anone with vs  
To our kyng sy; Olibrius  
But if thou come withoute styrfe  
We shall bereue the of thy lyfe  
She went with them meke and styll  
Unto the kyng against her wyl  
And full sayze she gan hym grete  
He askyd her name and she sayd Margarete  
He sayd if thou be bothe fre

Fox sothe my lemnian Shalte thou be  
I wyl haue the to my wypse  
And lyue in loye all thy lyfe  
Golde and tyches I wyl the gyue  
All the whyle that thou mayste lyve  
She sayd to hym anone than  
I wyl haue none erthely man  
But fox the loue of Jesu alone  
I wyl take baptisme at the founte stone  
Fox soth I wyl hym never forsake  
Fox none erthely man to take  
Than anone to her hesayd  
We dyde Jesu chriske to deed  
And dyde stayne hym vpon the rode  
Cyll he shedde bothe water and blode  
And crowned hym with accowne of thorne  
If thou beleue on hym thou arte folowynge  
To hym she sayd anone ryghe  
Syr he is a man full of myght  
Fox we shulde haue hym in mynde  
That dyed on the crosse fox all mankynde  
He rose frome dethe and to hell went  
The syndes power to haue shent  
And many soules set out there  
That longe before in paynes were  
To stryue wþt her he founde no bote  
But dyd bynde her hande and foote  
And caste her in pþson stronge  
Fox to overcome her with wronge  
Sayde Margarete all that nyght

In pryson lape with mocke banyngh  
On the morow the sothe to lape  
He sent for her whan it was daye  
They brought her before Dlibius  
And bnto her he sayd thus  
Margarete blyue upon our lere  
Or I shall greeue the full soze  
Thy goddes that thou doost on belyus  
Shall not saue the fro my greeue  
Come we on me and be my wyfe  
And I pve in lope all thy lyfe  
All Antyoche and Asys  
After my deethe I gyue it the  
Sylke and galde purple and pall  
I wyl the wedde in tempel roiall  
Well fured with tiche armes  
In all this worlde is none so fyne  
And Jesu Chrest put out of thy thoughte  
Nayre she sayd what wyl I noughe  
Jesu wyl I never forsake  
For all that is in erthe ymake  
Dlibius sayd it wyl be sene some  
What thy goddes wyl for the done  
He bad his men I understande  
To take and hynde her face and handes  
They bet her bothe man and wyfe  
And fast wither her they made styrfe  
Tyll the ced blode sellas downe  
To the forest for the ridene  
Tyll they wend she bediden dede

Margarete,

Boke 34.

So fast on her they capte  
Than sayd Diabolus there he stode  
Margarete thykest thou this good  
Belue on my loue and be my wyfe  
And I wyll no more with the Aspe  
Hauie mercy on thy fayre flesh  
And on thy skynne that is so nesse  
To Jesu Christ she called than  
That on a tre dyed for man  
And of a byrgyn was borne  
For mankynde shulde nat be borne  
These paynes that I suffer and swyne  
Be full swete to me as me thynke  
All the paynes that I here dyue  
Be swete to me as ony thynge a lyue  
Dibzus sayd to his sergauntes tho  
She greueth no thyng of all this wo  
For all these paynes that doth her greue  
She wyll not quour goddes beleue  
He bad his sergauntes euerachone  
That they shulde torment her anone  
The sergaunte dyd as he them bad  
Full lytell mery on her they had  
With theyr nayles they her fyshe  
Lyke as houndes had her to knawe  
And her eyne that were so brighte  
They put out and matted her lyghte  
They dyd her moche payne and wo  
They rente the skynne that she fro  
Many of the peple that was chose

In they þanies therre fallowynge  
And sayde to her standyng therre  
Whan they saw her so to tere  
Sayre mayden Margarete  
That is so louslyp and so swete  
Turne to hym and be his wif  
And with hym make nomore scryf  
Margarete for the we haue care  
And wolde that thou lauid ware  
After you she sayde I will not do  
So yout waye she sayd me fro  
All that dothe fro me repente  
And syet ne haue this tourmente  
As they chynke bothe good and yll  
They shall be quyt after they wyl  
The Angell of god came her to  
As faste as he myght come and go.  
¶ Then be speake sygnd by hir selfe  
With wycked wordes sayng thus  
Margarete I haue suche peyne  
That blynde nowe I haue made the  
Before this thow hadde stynkyng  
Nowe haft thou none by me myght be  
Cowe vpon my godnesse mayde sayng thus  
Say sygnd by hir selfe myght be  
For the goddes that thou blyndest  
They be domes to thy shone  
My loude to me to full mynde  
He shall never mynemysen pale and swete  
Al thou haſſe ge wetomyng blisþe yuse.

S. Margarete.

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To do thy wylle bethet standynge  
To ryue the stiche fro the bone  
Power of my loude getell thou none  
To her alone than he sayd  
In depe pnyson thou shalt be layde  
In pnyson shall my body lye  
Thy sayze flesh to desroye  
Thou shalte be bounde fote and hande  
With many a stonge yron bande  
Iesu Christ she sayd hym tyll  
He maye deliuer me when he wylle  
Fest in pnyson they gan her done  
The Jungell came to her full lone  
By the grace of god almyght  
As the sonne shyneth by ryght  
With parte of the crosse that god was on done  
The aungell broughte to her full lone  
And sayd to her with mylde worsch  
Blessed thou art in heuen god dede  
The fader and son; and the holy goost  
Lord and kyng of my ghetes most  
This crosse tylle ha the semper  
Thyne enemys therwith to despoyle  
She sayd lord we heminge thou be  
That this gyfte hath sende to me  
All my ghetegode I the praye  
A bone thou gaue me this daye  
That I maye with ryght thens  
What they benshae to geyt me  
The Jungell had her bounde ryght

To to heuen the thulde be brought  
There was no tonge that tell myght  
The ioy that was made to her that nyght  
With all the mythes that is in heuen  
There Margaret to neuern  
And by the grace of god almyght  
Than anone shē had her syght  
The holy Jungell passed her fro  
Of hym shē sawe no more tho  
Shē loked alytell her besyde  
And sawe a sole dragon by her glyde  
That was of coloure grasse grene  
With flamyng syze foul on to sene  
Out of his mouthe brenyng brughe  
Shē was a strayde of that syght  
Shē fell downe to the grounde  
For feare grembyng in that conde  
He toke her in his mouthe anone  
And swalowed her body and bone  
And whan that he had so done  
Than myght he no fercher gone  
But to brake vpon the grounde  
The mayde came out hole and sounde  
And as it was Chirkes wyll  
With in hym shē had none yll  
But vpon the dragon shē stode  
With glad harte and mylde moude  
And thanked god of his myght  
That shē had ouercome that foule wryght  
And vnderounde well that it was

M. Margaret,

B. III.

Throughe vertue of the holy croesse  
That foute dragon was layne there  
Through goddes myght and her prayse  
None he wente the dragon fro  
And sawe a fouler come her to  
Agysely best forsothe was he  
So foule a thyng never man se  
To hym he went I vnderstande  
With the holy croesse in her hande  
And smote hym so vpon the synnes  
That he myght not adyde her dyntes  
And she stoue with hym so longe  
That throughe Christes myght so stronge  
Downe to the gounde he hym cast  
And with her temple bounde hym so fast  
In his necke she set her forte  
To stryue with her he founde no bate  
To hym she sayd I consite the  
What thou arte thou tell me  
Thou arte so lothely a thyng  
What thou arte I wyl haue wetynge  
For beest sawe I neuer none  
So lothely to loke vpon  
He sayd for thy lordes sake  
Fro my necke thy forte thou take  
I haue gone wyde by water and lande  
yet was I neuer so sore bounde  
My ryght name hight Bylgis  
To lye to the no baple it is  
My brother hight we son that thou leide

In the wonda we dyd soz we knowe  
Bzsten and dred is my brother  
And I am overcome I se none other  
Whan we were bothe together  
We made the spnes to he the fater  
And dystroyed the peopls dape and myght  
And dyde all the soz we that we myghts  
In dragons lykenes was I sent to the  
To spyll thy wyt and make the mad to be  
The cruell kyng Dibrius  
In this faycyon bathe sent vs  
Soz to destroye thy fayre body  
With the crafte of sorcery  
I maye not suffice this very longe  
This harde Payne that is so stronge  
My waye is not in ethen in the wynde I se  
Soz to dystroye all that I se  
Where I wylt a woman with chylde  
To her I went bothe woode and wylde  
And if the chylde bnyxystened were  
Legge and armes I made crooked ther  
Where ale or wynne were in towne  
There I made me redy bowns  
There I wold make great haste  
To tourne it sowe and lese his taste  
I wrough moche soz we and wo  
I made one neyghbour an other no  
I went to the felde to the ploughs  
And the beetles al to droughe  
Where euer I went I dyd moche care

It was my toye there a boute to fare  
Whan Salomon the wylle was a kyng  
Naro a tonne of brasse he dyd vs dypue  
And dyd bury vs vnder an hyll  
In the grounde against our wylle  
When of Babylon cam vs to  
And dygged vs our and let vs go  
Whan we moued in the grounde  
They wende treasure to haue founde  
There be of vs in ethre fleyng  
Mo than .xv. viii. with wynges  
Some is swifter than a do  
And some is swifter than a roo  
Some be swifter than a swalowe  
And some be swifter than an acowe  
And all that on Christ bylue  
We do them bere and sore greue  
Both in towne and in felde  
We devoured man wypfe and chylde  
We destroyed fruytes on ethre groþyng  
And drowned shippes in the see sayng  
This was our laboure and our delyte  
To do christen people dyspyte  
Now wotest thou what I am full well  
As I haue tolde the euery deile  
Than sayd Margarete to that foule myght  
I coniute the through godes myght  
And in Chrystes holy name  
That thou do never no more shame  
But syake a dowe in to hell

For euermore ther to dwel  
Synke a downe thou soule sende  
And there to a byde without end  
He lanke a downe throughte Chристes myght  
And by the prayer of that mayden myght  
All this trouble had this holy mayde  
In the castell where she was layde  
In a daye for and a nyght  
All this trouble had this swete wyght  
She thanked god of his gracie  
That she had ouer come them in that place  
The seconde daye at after none  
Olibrius bad fetche her sone  
The sergauntes were to go  
And out of pryson fet her tho  
Than bespake syz Olibrius  
And to the mayde he sayd thus  
Margarete I praye nowe the  
That thou wylte tuncue vnto me  
She sayd cursed may thy goddes be  
That on beleue thou woldest haue me  
For thy goddes that thou beleuest in  
They be cursed and full of synnes  
They be of Sathanas kynde  
I wyl never haue them in mynde  
Whan thou thyngest best on thy lypinges  
Unto my schene they wyl the bryngge  
Therefore I rede and counsell the  
Belue upon my lord that is so ferre  
That made the and me and every man

Sayot, Margae.

C. L.

And moost of witt and vertue can  
Therefore beleue hym upon  
And be baptised at the font stome  
He sayd to her in that stede  
With a crowne of golde upon his hede  
My goddes be ttrue and thyne bewyong  
Therefore I byd the holde thy tonge  
He sayd vnto his sergauntes than  
I charge you euery man  
That ye poure vpon her hede  
Boylunge oyle and boylunge lede  
Scalde her from the hede to the fote  
Cyll she tourne and aske bote  
They tourmented her full soore  
With oyle and lede euermore  
Cyll she swete bothe fleshe and fell  
As it were water out of a well  
Than spake they to this holy mayd  
Believe vpon our goddes they sayd  
She layd from them I me defende  
I beleue on Jesu that never shall haue ende  
Cursed be they that on thy goddes thynke  
Dy of them wypre in paper with ymke  
The holy crosse kepte her well  
They had no power her to quell  
He commaunded anone tho  
In a fat of water she sholde be do  
Therein he bad her drenche  
All her hete so; to quenche  
Anone as she the water so

She thought ther in chafferen to be  
And sayd in Chixes holy name  
Here I take baptisme and defye your blame  
Anone the thunders began to brast  
The people fled a wavy full fast  
The Angels toke her out of the water than  
In the syght of euery man  
Than turned anone to her beleue  
Many a thousande or it were eue  
Bothe olde people and well lyke yonge  
Turned to her for her saynge.  
To Jesu Christ they turned blyue  
Bothe man chylde and wyfe  
The kyng se a none ryght  
Hasten to her do none he myght  
He called to Marcus that wasse  
His manqueller in every place  
And bad hym that he shulde  
Take her fast to his holde.  
And lede her out of the towne thenne  
And in fyre he sholde her brenne  
And bryng her out of her lyfe  
That she no more with me scryft  
And whan she came to the steed  
Where she shulde be done to deed  
Moche people folowed her tho  
Also fast as they myght go  
Anone the cloudes wered blacke  
And the thunder began to cracke  
The folkes were a fayde in that fonde

S. Margarete, C.M.

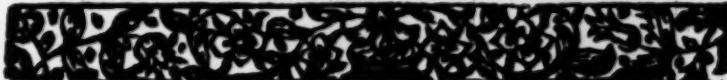
And for thy fell to grounde  
They were all a frayne tho  
That they knewe neyther wele nor wo  
Anone our loerde the Jungell sent  
To the place there she shulde be brenente  
And sayd to her with mylde steuen  
Blessed thou arte this daye in heuen  
This daye thou shalte crowned be  
In heuen before Chристes mageste  
Malcus had the Angel speke  
And thought to her he wolde hym meke  
He kneled downe vpon the grounde  
And cried her marcy in that stounde  
Than he sawe in that place  
The multitude of Angels that there was  
He layde his swerde downe hym by  
And asked her than marcy  
Cyan spake that vrgyn bryght  
And sayd to hym a none ryght  
Brother if thy wyll is to be  
I lyttell whyle abyde thou with me  
And let me make my prayere  
To Jesu Christ that bought me dere  
And a none in this tyde  
A waye with me thou shalte glyde  
The father the sone and the holy goost  
Lord and kyng of myghtes most  
That all this wold made of nougat  
And mankynde full dere bought  
Of a vrgyn thou were borne

Fox mankynd shoulde not be loyme  
Iesu Christ I beseche the  
This daye a bone thou graunt me  
All that in the name of the  
That daye worship and honoure me  
Lette them never in paynes be bounde  
Noz in deadly synnes be founde  
All that my torment here or rede  
Oz in my name do almes dede  
Iesu Christ gyue them to mede  
The blysse of heuen for theyz dede  
If any woman be with chylde  
I praye to our lady meke and mylde  
That of her Payne she be vnbounde  
And deluyeted hole and sounde  
Iesu Christ I beseche the  
Whan she calleth vnto me  
That thou wulst her socoure  
That the holy crosse dothe honoure  
And all that worship my daye  
And honoure me as they maye  
Oz here my memory daye oz nyght  
Oz with good herte gyue candell lyght  
I beseche the fox thy gloxe  
Lette them never in synne dye  
Wher so euer theyz bodies lye  
Upon theyz soules thou haue mercy  
That the fende do them no scathe  
Another late noz yet rathe  
That bereth vpon them my lyfe

**N**eþer man chylde ne wyse  
Our loðde herde her praye lone  
And graunted her all her bone  
And than he spake to Malcus  
And to hym he sayd thus  
**S**he bad hym to fulsyll  
**T**he commaundement of his lordes wyll  
He sayd naye for all this woldre to wyr  
**F**or I se the lordre that thou beluest in  
**S**y; he sayd do as I the bede  
Take and snyte of my hede  
for god hath so gauen it the  
That I byd the do to me  
for it is a gaynst thy wyll  
His commaundemente to full syll  
Into paradyse thou shalte wende  
And thereto be with outen ende  
Malcus hadde her saye this lawe  
Auone his swerde gan he drawe  
And her hede he smote of  
As the lawe thereto hym drofe  
Michaell Gabriell and Raphaell in fere  
Cherubin & Seraphyn thousandes therewere  
With ioye and blysse and melodye  
They bare her to heuen on hye  
Bysoze our loðde they gan her bese  
To hym she is bothe lyfe and deere  
Thyoppe the greate cleke  
Reimembred her lyfe and warke  
And made her lyfe in memorie

And who her nouysched in Alaye  
Into Bathysche they her brought  
With good entente they wroughe  
They set a chapell in her name  
And all that was lyke o; lame  
Cheder faste gan they gone  
Hole and lounde home they come  
Thrughe the grace of god almyght  
And the prayet of that mayden bryght  
Iesu gyue vs grace to lyue so  
To come to the blysse that he bought vs to  
The lyfe of saint Margarete I haue you red  
On a tewesday she was bothe quicke and deed  
Iesu Christ that heuen kynge  
Graunt them all his dere blesyng  
That this stori wyll haue in mynde  
And forȝete no thyng behynde  
Throughte the prayer of saynt Margarete  
That in heuen we maye mete  
Praise we all it maye so be  
Amen amen for charite.

Enypnyted at London whtin Tyme battre  
in saynt Dounstones paryshe at the  
Synne of the George by me  
Robert Redman







**TITLE** The lyfe of say

**AUTHOR**

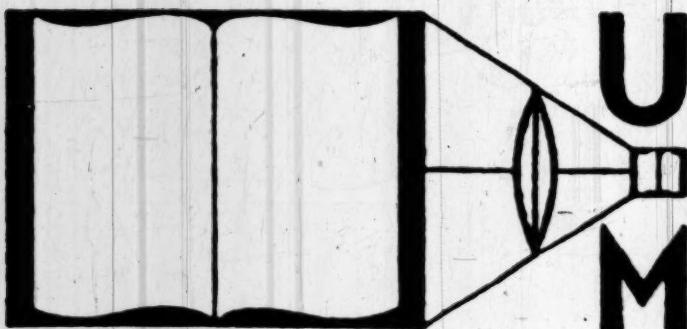
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